



Fall from Grace



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An evening I visited the park and sitting there on the bench I could see my childhood playing. It was an evening so dear to me, the wind teasing my hair, sunshine caressing my skin, lush green grass tickling my soles, my frolic life joyously jumping around, so free, so relieved, how easy everything seemed but one step towards the steep grassy slope seemed like a great leap, cackling laughter slowly changed to screams. How hard I tried to stop my flow of thoughts, but in that never-ending fall childhood growing up, feelings bloomed, a flood of emotions, an upsurge of expectations into disappointments.

On the way down I crushed the same flowers that once bloomed my path and experienced a love so sweet, like a silage that faded rather too quickly. When I finally began to embrace my loneliness and get used to the dizziness of the journey down the slope, it ends, and I lie under the unfamiliar sky and try once more to get used to the chaos in my new world.

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Biography of Author

	<p>Fatima Ambar Rizvi is a research scholar. Recently, she is in 5th semester of B.A. (Hons) English at Amity University, Lucknow in India.</p>
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